

Rebel, Rebel by Little_Peach

Category: Stranger Things - Fandom

Genre: 80's, After Eleven (Stranger Things) Closes the Gate, Childhood Memories, Childhood Trauma, Eleven being a little rebel, F/M, Father-Daughter Relationship, Fluff and Angst, Friendship, Hopper being an overprotective father, netflix

Language: English

Characters: Dustin Henderson, Eleven (Stranger Things), Jim "Chief" Hopper, Joyce Byers, Lucas Sinclair, Mike Wheeler, Will Byers

Relationships: Eleven & Jim "Chief" Hopper, Eleven/Mike Wheeler

Status: Completed

Published: 2017-11-07

Updated: 2017-11-07

Packaged: 2022-04-02 14:41:54

Rating: General Audiences

Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

Chapters: 2

Words: 3,290

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Eleven "Jane" Hopper has come down with a serious case of cabin fever as Hopper tries his best to keep her under the radar after the events of Season 3. Wanting to escape for a night out with Mike and the rest of the party, Eleven decides a little teenage rebellion is in order.

1. Cabin Fever

Author's Note:

None of this is canonical, but I tried to stick to the story and nature of the characters as closely as possible. I wrote this as a possible future scene in Season 3 that I hope to see (I just want Eleven to have fun like a normal kid)

9:27

Eleven's keen eyes watched the clock in the darkness as she lay on her side, listening to the soft laughter from the tv in the living room. The night was a rather brisk one, but under her covers, instead of her nightgown, the quiet child wore a cozy red sweater, and baggy light blue jeans. Her white, scuffed Chuck Taylors rested on the floor next to her twin bed.

Even though it wasn't a work night for Chief Hopper, Eleven retired to her room early, feigning a headache. The chief figured it had something to do with growing pains, or perhaps it was a side effect of those abilities of hers. As always with El, Hopper never tried to pry, so he let her go to bed, but not without a ruffle of her unruly mop and a light kiss on the forehead.

9:28

Eleven subconsciously felt a tingle, and then a twinge where Hopper had kissed her on the forehead. It didn't tickle like it usually did because of his bushy beard, but it was something else.....hurt?

No. Hurt was different. It was slightly burning, hot.....guilt. She didn't know the word for it, but it was like lying. The kind of hurt inside when she told Hopper that nothing had happened, that she'd stayed inside the cabin while he was out, like a good girl. Nevertheless, she'd been in the front yard only minutes before, watching the squirrels chase each other in loops up the trees. Then when she heard Hopper's truck, she dashed inside, latched the door and jumped on the couch. When Hopper walked in the door after his special knock, she made sure he saw the splitting image of a normal,

homely, innocent daughter: sitting up straight with neatly combed hair, dressed in a modest jumper, watching Family Ties with a content smile and bright eyes. Hopper would give her a reassuring hug, ask her about her day, and then start prepping dinner, knowing nothing of her secret outings.

9:29

But tonight was different. Same in the sense Hopper wouldn't know, but different because she wasn't going out alone. Mike had invited her on Monday over the radio to hang out with him and the rest of his "party" at the arcade.....on Wednesday.....at 9:30 pm.

Everything was slowly returning back to the way things used to be in old Hawkins, but according to the chief, Eleven "Jane" Hopper still needed ample time to adjust, and stay under the radar for a while.

"Just be patient," he told her when she asked about visiting places in the outside world.

But since the closing of the gate, the clearing of the lab, and the adoption, Mike and Eleven scarcely had any chance to interact like kids. Eleven missed him. She loved her surrogate father, but the thought of spending a night on the town with Mike, Lucas, Will, and Dustin seemed.....exhilarating. Fun. Enticing.

Another thing that would be different was Hopper's presence at home. It would prove exceedingly risky to slip past him and out the door, but perhaps he'd be in a deep slumber on the couch among a sea of spilled popcorns and cans. Whatever was in those silver cans Hopper drank out of when he got home from work definitely made him relaxed, easier to talk to, sometimes goofier, and more liable to doze off.

9:30

As soon as the clock turned, Eleven threw off her quilt and rolled off the bed, tugging on her Chucks and slipping on a slick navy windbreaker. Tiptoeing over to her little chest of drawers, she took a pink drawstring pouch from the back of her sock drawer. Ever since Hopper had started giving her an allowance of 2\$ a week, El guarded

the keepings fiercely.

She emptied it out on the bed and counted the crinkled up dollar bills.

It came out to \$8.27, the eight dollars from the allowance and 27 cents in loose change.

Just enough to have fun. Maybe she'd try something new tonight. There were always snacks and edibles Dustin was always haranguing her to try.

She hastily crammed it into her jacket pocket and zipped it up tight.

She turned and saw her bedroom door looming in front of her. It was the last chance, the final opportunity to stay home and stay safe.

Eleven could imagine Hopper right now, leaning against the doorframe with his arms slightly crossed, staring her down with that parental eye.

"Don't be stupid, kid," he'd say. "I know you're growing up, but growing up also means learning when to play it safe and listening to what I say. Otherwise, you'll get yourself into a mess of trouble."

Something like that.

But true, Eleven was growing up. And growing up also meant making her own decisions.

The waifish teen made sure to step over the wooden panel that creaked in front of her door, and to shut it very slowly. And very softly.

Eleven smiled in the dark, her rebellious bravery surpassing guilt. She'd done something rather peculiar in lieu of her escape. She'd stuffed her extra pillows and bundled up a blanket under her quilt, so that the shape looked somewhat like a sleeping person under the covers. It was something she saw two twins on the tv do when they were sneaking out.

Lately, Hopper had been objecting to many things El was watching on the living room television, worried about the ideas it was feeding her. A few nights ago, he'd walked into a dark cabin, the light of the

tv illuminating the child's entranced face as she stared intensely at a couple locked in a passionate kiss. The chief suddenly became a flash of color as he dove for the knob on the tv and switched it off before Eleven could see what the couple was doing on the bed.

In seconds, the tv was off and Hopper sat a befuddled Eleven down for a long talk that just left her more confused than understanding. Something about affection, love, growing up, and "natural curiosity". However, the chief had firmly reminded her that programs like that were not for children.

"No kissy kissy nonsense, 'kay? No more," Hopper warned, shaking a finger. He sighed and put his head in his hands.

"It's not good for kids your age to be looking at that garbage. If anything like that comes on again," he paused, leaning over to El's bedside and putting Alice in Wonderland in her lap," Ya turn it off and read a book. It's better for you anyways."

There was a long pause between the two. Eleven was still pondering what exactly made Hopper so flustered and what he meant by "kissy nonsense". Jim thought with great severity about the talk that might've occurred if he'd been home a minute later.

From then on, Hopper made her a list of the channels that he deemed wholesome and educational. He also had a box of old kids books brought over, courtesy of Joyce Byers.

Parents were always hiding and shielding, for some reason. There were certain things they kept from their children until they were older. Sometimes, they would make up stories to satiate the child, not out of spite, but because they didn't want to hurt them. Although she wasn't sure if Hopper operated in this parenting style, she had seen it play out on tv many times. It wasn't being mean. It wasn't lying. Just protecting, like Hopper had said.

Eleven thought wryly about how passionately Hopper would object to her mischievous little plan if he caught wind of it, or worse, caught her red handed.

She knew Hopper was wary by nature, but he knew better than to jostle the child from her slumber. There was little to no chance he'd know she was gone. She'd be back in two hours for sure.

A bear-like snore rustled Eleven, who could make out Hopper's comatose figure draped over the couch as an old episode of *The Twilight Zone* bathed the room in an eerie glow. With tedious precision, she tiptoed across the floor, wincing when her shoe kicked the lip of an empty aluminum can. El stood statue still, bracing for the flurry of feet and a searing lecture, but it never came, thank goodness.

She was clear to leave, but she did so with hesitation. She stood, watching his form bob up and down with every grunt and snore. The guilt began to pool again in the pit of her stomach. All he wanted, as her father, was to ensure that she was safe. To make sure that the bad men never got her ever again. But she needed this. It wasn't fair to keep her locked up all the time. She craved the feel of the outside world so desperately.

"Sorry," she whispered in the dark, placing a hand over her heavy heart while she stole one last glance at her father. Unlocking the latch and opening the door with a shaky hand, Eleven stepped out into the beckoning night.

Away from Hopper.

Away from home.

Away from safety.

She was a girl on the run.

2. Mike the Maniac

Notes for the Chapter:

I'm so glad all of you liked the first chapter so much
AHHHHHHH
here's more!

The crisp night air soothed Eleven's cheeks, which burned with the redness of excitement and the defiance of her act. Brittle leaves crunched under her feet as she made her way through the moonlit forest, and then to the spot where she would see Mike and everyone else.

Her friends.

That word. Friend. It used to be so confusing. Up until now, she could never truly understand its full meaning.

Awhile ago, when she was back as an unwilling prisoner confined in Hawkins Lab, she thought of Doctor Brenner, or her Papa, as a friend. Naive as she was to fall for his outward benevolence and assuring tone, she quickly found an array of lies and pain behind it all. He would come back later after her trials, bearing sweet words and sometimes praise, but it all fell back to the crippling agony and the suffering. An endless cycle of trust broken, won and then shattered again until it was restored. But it was all she knew.

But the true animosity and camaraderie the members of the Hawkins Middle AV club had shown her, it felt much, much different. They were all quick to include her and teach her, all the while protecting her. She'd never gotten that anywhere else. Now she knew what friend meant. And she liked it.

A soft rattling and four glowing orbs could be heard and seen through the stark lines of the trees. Eleven ducked behind a tree, breathing hard. Could it be that the bad men were listening, that they somehow knew she would be escaping tonight? Without Hopper's protection and her friends, they could drag her back to the lab and lock her up and never let her out and then-.

“El? El, you out there? It's us,” a familiar voice called out.

The young girl perked up, and her heartbeat slowed. Standing up from her crouched position behind a tree, she crept out of the shadows and towards the lights.

The illuminated faces of Mike, Will, Dustin and Lucas greeted her pleasantly, and soon she adopted an ear to ear grin of her own.

Mike scrambled off his bike and crashed into Eleven, embracing her with all his might. He let out a boyish laugh as Eleven flushed pink, but returned the hug.

“Have you been waiting long out here? I'm sorry if we were late. Will just barely made it out of the house before Jonathan pulled up to the house. We ran into the trees and booked it, thinking he saw us, but I guess he didn't. Anyways then we had to wait awhile for Dustin because-.”

“Don't worry Mike. I understand,” Eleven reassured him in her simple way with a small smile, placing a hand on his shoulder.

“Sorry, El...I just ramble when I'm nervous.”

“You sure you want to do this, El? I mean, do you think Hopper will find out? Cause if he does, he'll lose his frickin marbles!” Lucas gasped, Dustin nodding behind him.

“Aw, shit. He'll skin us all alive too if he finds out El snuck out to see us.”

“HEY! Stop it Dustin, you're scaring her,” Mike said with a glance at his friend's ashen face of fear.

“Will Hop-....my father.....hurt...me?”

“NO!” The party shouted collectively, causing Eleven to wince.

A chorus of reassurance rose from the party, all the boys desperately trying to calm their worried friend.

“No no no, nothing like that. He'll be absolutely pissed, that's for

sure, but that's it. If anything, he'll give you a scolding but we're the ones that invited you. We'll be the ones receiving the brunt of it."

"But will he hurt you?"

The party exchanged uneasy looks and shrugged.

"The worst he could do is tell our parents....," Will suggested.

"Or arrest us," Lucas ventured.

"Or GET US AND EL GROUNDED FOR ETERNITY!" Dustin wheezed.

"If that happens, the chief won't let El out of the house until she's thirty, and our parents.....aw geez. Aw shit, shit, shit! We'll be under house arrest until we graduate high school!"

Will promptly punched Dustin in the arm, whispering for him to shut up.

"Are we just going to stay here and wait to be found or can we actually go?"

"I thought the whole point of this was to let El see what it's like to be a normal kid, like us. It's not fair that even though we got rid of all the monsters and the gate, Hop's got her locked up like some bird in a cage. How do you think that makes her feel?"

"Alone. Nowhere to go," Eleven replied softly, sadness on the edges of her voice.

"Exactly."

A passing car zipped by on the dark country road, which made the kids nearly jump out of their skins. The horrifying and very possible fate of being caught sent shivers of dread through all of the kids. It would literally mean game over for them all if a parent or older sibling tracked them down.

No arcade trips, no after school hang outs, no AV club, no more D&D campaign nights, and no more visits to see El.

"We should go, like, now," Lucas prodded, swinging a skinny leg over

the frame of his bike and resting on the seat.

“You’re right. C’mon El, let’s go.....Eleven?”

The gangly boy patted the seat behind his own invitingly, one foot resting on the asphalt and the other on the pedal. Eleven shifted nervously through the leaves, shaking as she climbed aboard the bike, wrapping her arms around Mike’s middle for comfort.

She gasped as the bike jerked and Mike began to pedal, her fingers gripping into his thin jacket. The traveling party was underway, a gutsy gusto coursing through each child without them knowing.

El quickly became used to the bumps in the road and the soft panting that made Mike’s back push in and out. The feeling was akin to the soft rocking of a ship and yet they were also speeding along past fields of crops, the night air skimming across their shining, triumphant faces.

Will pedaled up next to Mike and Eleven, giving the girl a shy wave. Although she liked Mike the very best, she thought Will radiated the most genuine kindness and sincerity, for all his quirks and meekness. She returned an appreciative smile, and then rested her head on the curvature of Mike’s back.

She closed her eyes and immediately, Hopper was gone, Papa was gone, all the fear and resentment in her being was gone, as if swept away by a sudden enigmatical force of peace. Eleven heard Lucas and Dustin’s shouts of laughter behind, Will’s soft humming near to her left, and Mike’s heartbeat against her cheek. And it all felt so right.

A frantic pedaling and Dustin’s voice called out to the front of the happy procession.

“Hey Mike! Miiiiiiike!”

Mike’s neck whipped around, his eye searching over his shoulder.
“Yeah? Woaaaah!”

The bike leaned slightly as Mike swiveled in surprise, gaping as Dustin sped past with a jubilant laugh.

“Last one to the arcade is a rotten Eggo! You too, Eleven!”

“Hey!” the rosy-cheeked girl yelled as the brown curly mop began to blur in the distance. “Not fair!”

“Not for long. Hold on, El!”

The bike jolted forward and Eleven grabbed fistfuls of Mike’s striped shirt. Out of the corner of her eye, she could see the rest of the boys desperately pumping their spindly legs up and down, with handlebars clenched and beads of sweat rolling off their foreheads like silver rain rolling off a slanted roof. The loose hem of her windbreaker rippled like a flyaway sail as they sped down the avenue, their shouts echoing off the walls of the local businesses on the main street.

Mike’s panting grew more pained but he did not cease his pace, he and his passenger flying over the pavement as the rubber of his tires squeaked and burned. The glowing, ethereal sign of The Palace arcade looming in the distance, Mike squared his shoulders and dug the soles of his sneakers into the pedal, ignoring the lightning pains pinballing up his legs, and the sweat in his eyes.

Long had he overtaken Lucas and Will, but he was an arm’s length from Dustin. Mike gave a final push and with a remarkable burst of energy, he skirted past Dustin, snatching his hat with glee as he sailed into the Palace’s crowded parking lot. His tires nearly popped from the friction as he halted to a stop. The bike veering to one side before Mike was able to steady it.

As the rest of the entourage assembled in the parking lot, Mike stumbled off his bike, the neon lights swaying hazily about him. However, the grin of a champion adorned his gleaming face as he squatted and fell backwards on the seat of his jeans on the edge of the sidewalk.

Eleven stood above him with an admiring smile that made it all worth it. Although she had not been pedaling, the exhilaration left her pale, nearly translucent skin beautifully flushed, like a ripe peach and a blushing peony. The soft glow of the neon light above heightened this effect, leaving Mike startstruck as he stared up into the youthful face with a sense of awe and love, and yet childlike happiness.

She placed her delicate fingers upon his forehead for a moment before drawing back, looking abashedly down at her hand.

“Ew,” she said, before giggling and sitting down next to Mike as the boys scrambled towards them.

“Guess all of you are rotten eggos now,” Mike gasped, out of breath.

“Nevermind that! Mike! You were amazing! You pedaled like..like....like a maniac!” Lucas enthused with a wide gesture of his hands.

“Yeah, you were!” Will agreed, nodding along.

“Mike the Maniac!” Dustin finished, but adding, “Of course though, you gotta say that I was this damn close, Wheeler.”

“Yeah, I guess you were, “ Mike admitted, smiling at Dustin but rolling his eyes jokingly as he faced El, who was very overcome with silent, glowing joy, watching her friends with a shining eye.

“But let’s see if you can beat my score at Galaga,” Mike jeered, grabbing Eleven by the hand and disappearing into the arcade with his friends, with echoes of David Bowie crackling over the speakers.

“Rebel Rebel, you've torn your dress
Rebel Rebel, your face is a mess
Rebel Rebel, how could they know?”